

The Student's Pen



May, 1934

May, 1934

[1]

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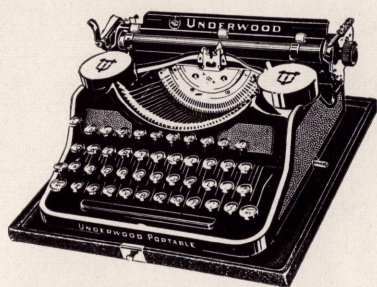
Where is IT Going?

High School students should make a habit of reading the newspapers and becoming informed concerning changing political, economic and social institutions. Read Walter Lippmann, Paul Mallon, Roger Babson, Arthur Brisbane, the national news as reported by the Associated Press and The Eagle editorials.

The Berkshire Evening Eagle

FOUNDED 1789

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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CAST OF "COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"



STIMULUS

RECENTLY, the Berkshire County debates were brought to a close and they resulted in a tie. What would have created more interest in forensic activity in Pittsfield High School and other schools of this county than a final debate between the two winners, Pittsfield High and Lee? Why is it that those in charge of school affairs in Berkshire County are always putting a damper on forensic activity by their unrelenting disapproval of a final debate? Truly, there is nothing more depressing to a high-spirited group of debaters than an unconditional tie—a tie unbreakable except by a debate between the two finalists.

Those in charge of school affairs argue that a final debate would have taken too much of the debater's time; but this is a poor argument, for the speakers were already prepared for the debating event and it would not have taken more than two hours of additional preparation. Think of the great stimulus that final debate would have given to forensic activity in the County! In the second place, one debate often gives more valuable experience and education than could be gathered by the study of a full five period week subject. The confidence gained by a young student making his appearance before a critical audience is inestimable. It is just the training every young person should have.

Pittsfield High has turned out some excellent debaters of late years and will no doubt continue to do so, but there has always been one lament on the part of the varsity debaters; namely, that there is only one debate to prepare for. Year after year, they point for that one event, the County Contest. This is altogether too small a scope for a school which develops such fine debating teams. We should reach out beyond the narrow confines of this County and grasp greater laurels in the field of forensic activity. We should bring new glory to Pittsfield High. Why can't the present administration of the forensic club grasp the reins and arrange a debating schedule for next year before the close of school? Pittsfield High will have a team of teams ready to gather new forensic glories for Pittsfield High.

THE REDUCTION OF THE LATIN REQUIREMENT AT WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS COLLEGE has at last recognized the inevitable and has sounded the death knell of the four year Latin requirement. The trustees have come to the conclusion that Williams has made too much ado about the study of this ancient language. Latin is not a study which should be made compulsory for college entrance. It should be

left for those who are genuinely interested in Latin as a branch of learning or who desire to pursue the language for the purpose of acquiring culture. The less-interested students, however reap little or no benefit from the study of this subject. It is merely a hated chore to them—a chore which they must perform. In short, they are applied to the language and they act as though it were an emery stone.

There is little doubt that Latin is one of the best if not the best mind trainer in a school curriculum, but it requires too much time for the average pupil to prepare and prepare well. Therefore, we now find that only the better pupils are devoting themselves to this study and it is our contention that this is for the best of all concerned.

A SOPHOMORE'S SONG

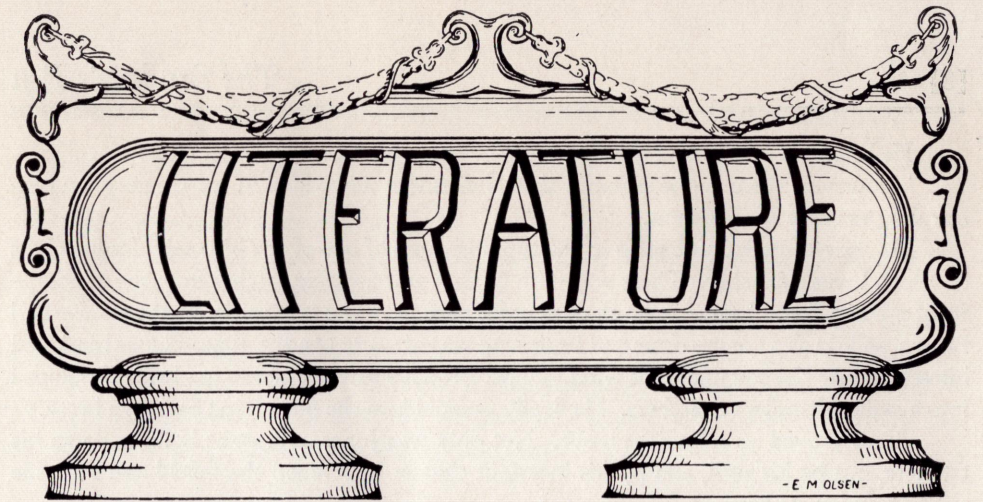
Her eyes are like diamonds,
Her teeth are like pearls,
And whenever I meet her,
My head's in a swirl.

Her hair is like night
Her shape is superb,
When talking with her
I forget nouns and verbs.

To sum it all up
She's sweet like the Spring,
As gentle and bright
As a flowering thing.

Homer King '36

*Support the Senior A's Field Day!
Aid Athletics!*



ENCHANTED CAMPUS

THE large campus moon stared down at us with all its romantic appeal, bathing the huddled dorms in an ecstatic radiance of lunar silveriness. From the open window of one argent building the plaintive twang of a guitar and the subdued harmony of mingled voices drifted through the night. Conducive to reflection as the atmosphere was, we strode in silence across the campus, Terry, Walt, and I.

We all felt pretty rotten at the way Gil had played that afternoon. To the fans, he had made the accidents seem unavoidable, himself blameless, yet to every player, the unsportsmanlike intentions of Gil had been crystal clear,—his sliding into second with spikes flying dangerously high, an act which had resulted in a gashed limb for the opposing short-stop; the free use of his knees as he later crashed into the catcher at the plate. The victory we had won was void of glory, infected as it was with the venom of Gil's indecorum.

As we rounded the corner of one of the dorms, Gil, himself, fell in beside us. Our greetings were curt, icy; yet he strolled along with us, with head bowed and hands thrust morosely into his pockets. His dejectedness affected my austerity. Perhaps he was not altogether to blame, I thought. Gil's father had died when Gil was young, and without that restraining bond, the boy had matured into a spoiled child, almost impervious to discipline. Perhaps allowances should be made.

As we drew near to the river, I noticed a figure seated on a bench along the bank, the aged, yet sturdy, outline of Coach "Mac" Collins.

"Good evening, boys," he said slowly as we approached. His voice was heavy, and for the first time, I thought of "Mac" as an old man.

We sat alongside him on the bench and meditatively regarded the somber waters of the stream. Somewhere in front of us a katydid chirped importunately. A dislodged pebble plunked into the water with a soft splash, and a thrush, alarmed, rustled its wings as it took to the air. I thought of home, of the school, of my friends, old and new. Then I thought of Gil and again felt a tug of remorse for him. "Mac" began to speak, and the weariness of his voice impressed me.

"You know, boys," he said, quietly, "it has been said that there is no sentiment in baseball; that it's a game with hard and fast rules and is played strictly in accordance with those rules."

He paused and I felt Gil stir uneasily by my side.

"Whoever said that," he continued, "doesn't know baseball. I feel sorry for him because he has missed some most interesting glimpses into human nature. I've been in the majors, I've seen baseball from 'a' to 'z', and I've witnessed numerous instances of humanness on the part of players."

He hesitated and scuffed the turf with the toe of his foot.

"However, there is one instance that is distinctly imbedded in my memory, an outstanding example of sentiment.

"It started several years ago in the training camp of one of the big major league clubs of which I was a member. There was with us that year a rookie catcher from the minors—we'll call him Eddie Jones—who showed great promise. The ace twirler of the team—Earl Brown will do as a name—from the beginning was attracted to the Jones kid and assigned himself to take the boy under his wing. Under Brown's tutelage, Jones gradually developed into a skillful handler of pitchers. He finally worked into the first-string backstop berth.

"This proved an efficacious move. Not only was Jones capable at holding down his twirlers, but he hit well, and by his incessant chatter he livened the infield and kept the entire team on its toes.

"During the next five years, the club won two pennants and one series. Then came a drastic shake-up. Money was needed by the team magnates and players were put on the selling block. Jones was snatched immediately by a leading pennant contender. Brown, well, Brown was aging. The zestful smoke ball of his prime had lost its smoke and hop; the arc of his curve had lessened; his slow ball was less puzzling, and too frequently came back faster than it was thrown. Brown was sold outright to the cellar club of the league—a bitter blow to his hopes.

"Days passed and Jones' team swept unswervingly toward the pennant. The chase approached a climax with his combine fully six games ahead of its nearest competitor, and but five games remaining to be played. One was with the cellar occupants, and Brown took the mound against the champions.

"The game began unostentatiously, but slowly developed into an exciting mound duel, with Brown clinging tenaciously to a one run advantage and retiring his opponents successively without hits.

"The team behind him seemed to sense that this was Brown's farewell to his world,—baseball. He desired to depart heroically, and was unsparing in his efforts to do so. The infield was an impregnable wall, gathering in ground balls within a radius before unheard of. The outfield was tireless, retreating to the fences for long drives, sweeping in to engulf short Texas Leaguers.

"The ninth inning began with the retirement of the first two batters and the passing of the third and fourth. Brown was now damp with perspiration. His arm throbbed mercilessly; his head was swimming. As he faced the plate his heart sank. Eddie Jones was there swinging a menacing bat. Twice before Eddie had sent long smashes to the fence only to be robbed of hits. This time he would not be denied.

"Brown wound up and threw. The ball screamed through the air foul by inches. There was another foul and he inhaled deeply. Now he merely glanced at the signal. This time there would be no curve, no slow ball. He had completed his career as a pitcher. He would throw and walk to the showers, whether the pitch was a ball or home run.

"With great effort he toed the rubber and pitched. The ball floated directly toward the plate, the bat swung, and met — — — unresisting air.

"A shower of cheers swept over Brown, refreshing him. He had reached the Hall of Fame, pitched a hitless and runless game. In a haze he dragged himself to the club house, forgetting in the confusion to thank Jones for the merciful act,—the intentional strike out. He never met Jones again but the memory of that deed lingers forever in his mind."

There was a long silence, broken only by the katydid's chirping. A sudden thought startled me.

"Mac, who was Brown, the pitcher?"

I wondered why I asked the question but something in the coach's face, sallow in the moonlight, seemed to prompt me.

"I—I was the pitcher." "Mac" turned his head suddenly away. "Jones," he said, as if reading our thoughts, "Jones was Gil's father."

Gil rose abruptly from the bench and walked slowly off into the night. As he did so I thought I heard a half-suppressed sob. Regardless, I knew—we all knew—that Gil had learned a lesson in sportsmanship. We left him alone.

Thomas Enright '35

LOST—A PATIENT

BARRY COLT had lost his first patient! He sat meditatively at the glass-topped desk in his small, but convenient office which was lined with medicines, pills, and various operating instruments of peculiar design.

As he sat thus, he called to mind the various cases that he had undertaken since he had first assumed his practice a year before. They were few, but paid well, as Barry had the patronage of the majority of the city's wealthy class, due largely to his father's affluence and his mother's social standing.

While in this state of mind, he recalled "that case yesterday" in which he had lost his patient.

He recalled how he had been sitting in his office on the previous day, in much the same position as at the present time, when the telephone had rung. Miss Borden, the nurse, had answered it as usual, and had reported that it was a Mrs. Pembleton, well-to-do society matron, who demanded in an excited voice, to speak with Barry at once.

He reviewed their hurried conversation and events following.

"Hello, Mrs. Pembleton," he had said; "you wish to speak with me?"

"Oh Barry, it's too dreadful!" she exclaimed frantically. "My priceless sapphire, it is gone—either stolen or mislaid, I know not which! It is an unset one you know, and my husband was to take it to the jeweler this morning to have it set, but when I went to my dressing room to get it, I found the jewel-box lying overturned and the sapphire gone. Oh, it's too dreadful!" she added despondently.

After listening patiently, Barry had replied "Of course, Mrs. Pembleton, I am extremely sorry, but as you know, I am not a criminologist, but a—" When here she had interrupted him saying: "Yes, Barry, I know, but my real purpose in calling you up was to tell you that my little Nancy is ill, and that I would like to have you come over and see her, as she acts quite strangely."

"I shall be over directly, Mrs. Pembleton," Barry had answered—as eager after a patient as a lion after his prey.

After which he had taken his kit, hopped into his car, and was soon at the Pembleton's.

He found Nancy in a most peculiar state. She coughed and had no cold; she gasped and groaned, but, as far as he could diagnose, had no pain. However, Barry was diligent, and was soon earnestly at work over his patient.

As he worked, Barry unconsciously noted that pretty, innocent little face, those petite features, and the admirable disposition Nancy seemed to have toward him. It seemed that she had given herself wholly over to his care, not without reluctance, but without complaint. Then, though he would have denied it, he felt how lucky was her sweetheart who could "purr" sweet love songs in her ear—when suddenly she had another coughing and gasping spell, which roused him abruptly from his fanciful reverie.

While Barry was working over his patient, Mrs. Pembleton mumbly mixed the wails of her beloved's possible death, with cries of the loss of her precious sapphire and lamented each with undue exaggeration.

This alternation of emotions continued throughout the afternoon, as Barry devoted his time to this peculiar case. First came Barry's dream-like admiration of Nancy, then a spasm of coughing and gasping from her, mixed with Mrs. Pembleton's lamentations.

Thus the day passed—'till came eight o'clock—the zero hour!

Nancy had been lying quite still for some time, and Barry welcoming this opportunity, had left the side of his patient to partake of some food which a maid had prepared for him in an adjoining room. Of a sudden, Mrs. Pembleton burst in upon him in a flurry of excitement and hysteria—

"Come quick, Barry," she exclaimed, "Nancy—she's dying!" Barry listened no further but rushed immediately from the room and went directly to the side of his patient. He found her in the most violent spasm she had yet been in; and at that time there came to him the sickening realization that there was no hope!

The last spark of life was about to flicker and go out when suddenly Nancy gave one last, laborious gasp and passed away. But as she did so a tiny, blue object of about one-half inch in diameter, appeared in her mouth. Barry quickly removed it and to both his and Mrs. Pembleton's astonishment, it proved to be the missing sapphire.

To Mrs. Pembleton, the day's proceedings had been a combination of both joy and sorrow—the former, because of the recovery of her sapphire, and the latter, perhaps the most significant, because of the loss of Nancy—her beautiful, prize, Persian cat!

Thus Barry reviewed the preceding day's events as he sat that afternoon at his desk, in the office with the medicines and pills; and as he sat, and thus mused, there fell upon the mind of this young veterinarian, the downheartening realization, that he, Barry Colt, had lost his first patient!

Richard S. Burdick

TREES IN SPRING

The trees in spring are dancers,
With green lacy skirts,
Dancing to and fro so daintily
And curtseying with every breeze.

Sometimes happily they toss their heads,
Sometimes they sway gently,
Sometimes they bow in stately minuet
With dignity and grace.

Esther Strout '36

ROUND TOP

ROUND TOP is all that the name implies. It is a small mound surrounded by pine trees, large ones and small ones. The sides and top are one blanket of green velvet grass. As I looked from the top, I saw a range of far distant hills in a background of pale blue. What a thrill I had when I could see for the first time three states at once—Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts! Below me flowed the Connecticut River with great velocity under its mammoth structure, the well known Connecticut Bridge.

Upon this hill with such a picturesque background, we had our vesper service each evening at twilight. What a picture it was! A group of happy young girls coming toward Round Top from all points of the campus. The sun, a large ball of fire, was just seeking its way under the white clouds. The service included only hymns and a short address by one of the faculty; but the hymns meant much more on Round Top than just mere words; they were real, living words. There was no other place where the presence of God seemed so real and so near. He was in each girl's heart, in the pine trees, in the hills, in the setting sun, even in the mossy grass upon which we sat; he was in the river below and in the sky above. What I received from vesper services on Round Top cannot be expressed in words. They afforded me renewed strength as well as mental and spiritual relief.

Sunday night was girls' night and annually the conference ended in a candle light service. Everybody gathered in front of the Chapel where each girl was given an unlighted white candle. Silently in pairs we marched to Round Top with only the moon as our guide. Upon reaching the top a large circle was made and one girl from each denomination gave a report on what she had received from Northfield. As each one finished her talk, her followers lighted their candles from hers. Then after each candle was lighted, there was a silent prayer. What could be more perfect! Soon we all marched down Round Top with our lighted candles, singing "Follow the Gleam".

"Follow, follow, follow the gleam,
Banners unfurled o'er all the world,
Follow, follow, follow the gleam."

Can you imagine anything more beautiful, anything more inspiring?

I confess that as I walked toward my tent that night my attitude toward life had changed; I had grown up; I was no longer a child, I was a woman, a grown woman. My future life work was very clear to me, clearer perhaps than it will ever be again. I must prepare and train myself to live and teach the word of God. I must consecrate my life to Him and go into foreign lands and preach his glorious and divine word just as these other young people at this conference have been doing. My aim in life from that moment was to be a missionary. That night as I lay in bed pondering over these thoughts, I was disgusted with the other girls in my tent. They refused to let me remain quiet; it was the last night in camp. As hard as I tried I could not enter into any of their fun. My mind was puzzled; everything was not so clear as it had been on Round Top. I slept little that night, and the next morning I was as much alarmed as on the previous night. I became worried. Since then it has disturbed me much because my future destiny has never been so clear nor so vivid as it was on Round Top.

Hazel Burghardt '35

SNORES AND SNORERS

ARE YOU a victim of Mother Nature's troublesome malady—the snore? Yes?—Well, I'm happy to hear that, fellow snorer, for we are beset by the identical disease. Suppose you and I look into and pick apart this inherent and much cursed affliction that has lived with man since he was converted from a lowly ape or monkey to the highly intellectual creature that he now is.

The snore, it seems, originated in the latter part of the Devonian or the beginning of the Carboniferous period, (I do not recall which) when the great metamorphosis came about—the change of monkey to man. How do we know that the snore began at this period? Well, those meddling geologists discovered a stratum of rock which enclosed the skeleton of a monkey. They found that it had constrictions of the throat and nose; and from this they deduced that the creature had been asleep when an extraordinary snore caused death by strangulation.

From this bit of information we may suggest that certain individuals are addicted to large, capacious, sonorous snores, while others emit thin, slight, puny gurglings.

The large ape-like members of human society (according to this hypothesis) would be those most likely to emit the huge, monstrous, prodigious roars. And the converse would also be true—the weak, frail, impotent, lilliputian type of person would be one from whose mouth issued feeble, mouse-like snores.

Have you ever reflected upon the result brought about by an ill-advised snore? Have you ever thought of the main causes of revolts, riots, and changes in government? It is a stupendous conjecture, nevertheless, a convincing one, that a snore has been the cause of many a revolution. To illustrate let us take an example, the great Aga Kahn. For years he had ruled and held his followers in a submissive fear, and in that way acquired great tracts of land. But finally there was a day of reckoning. Over night the revolt began. Historians claim that Aga had enemies and these were the instigators of the revolt. But I, with authentic facts, lay it to the fact that some curious individual (or perhaps his private butler) discovered Mr. Kahn fast asleep and snoring prodigiously. Is it not logical to believe that the discoverer relayed this information to his neighbor and so on until finally, with the lowering of Aga's prestige induced by vile snores, a great uprising occurred and Aga was overthrown? Startling, is it not, what one snore will do?

Then, there is the family's daily breakfast dispute. The individual members of the family slouch around with countenances downcast and noses upturned sneeringly. And what for? It's the same old story. They've kept each other awake all night with uncultivated, uncondescending, uncouth, unconventional snores. This leads to a general distrust and finally the individual members of the family either leave home, purchase silencers for each other, or seek matrimonial diversions and then elope. Is this to be tolerated?

So colossal is this question, that inventors from all points of the compass have gathered at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, U. S. A., the home of the snorers, to discuss possibilities of eliminating the snore-disease from the system.

I rather think this last is a hopeless task, and I, being a member of this convention, shall propound my discovery which is truly marvelous. It consists of a minute musical instrument set in a tiny box which is then placed over the nose and mouth of the sleeper. The rest is comparatively simple—the music starts and the snorer's bed fellow is lulled to sleep by the sweet music.

Of course, the contraption is exceedingly light. In fact, I lay claim to it being lighter than—yes, than even the much-read-about Zephyr train. It is indeed a bantamweight.

I have, of course, different kinds of instruments. I advise the heavy snorer to purchase a Violin Snore Eradicator, and the light snorer, the Cornet or Trombone type. Then there will be harmony.

By the introduction of this marvelous invention, world peace would be established. And so, my fellow snorers (for there must be many of you), when my invention appears on the market, think of all the good it will bring you; and, by all means, purchase, not one, but a dozen different kinds of instruments. For variety, it is said, is the spice of life.

S. Katsh '36

SALES RESISTANCE

I HAVE never had an atom of sales-resistance in my make-up. From the moment I meet the determined, penetrating stare of a salesman I am lost. I flounder, I waver and hesitate, but always I buy seeds I never plant, and magazines I never read.

And so it goes. All through my life I have worn unwanted clothes and have been places I did not wish to go simply because I have not the faculty of emitting a convincing "No".

There was the case of the bright red pocketbook, for instance. I loathe red pocketbooks, especially huge, shiny ones that blink mockingly at one with chromium-plated eyes. The object in question was one of the most awe-inspiring of its species. The clerk informed me before I had even a chance to gasp at its crimson splendor, that "oh dear, yes, it would look perfectly stunning" with my green suit. My whole being flinched and protested in horror. Red and green! Heavens, was I to be converted into a veritable Christmas tree? I shuddered at the thought but, about to turn away, I caught the gaze of the clerk, blushed, gulped, stammered, "wrap it up, please" and, groping blindly for the package, I fled from the store.

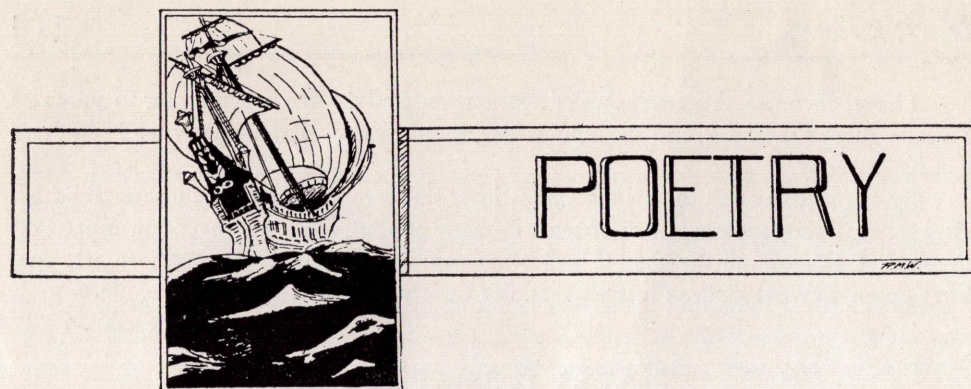
When I was once more upon the sidewalk the thought that I had neglected to pay for my purchase smote me. I could not enter that store again—who knows how many red pocketbooks I would have bought had I done so? I sent the firm a check and safely tucked the hideous object of my weakness into the farthest cranny of my darkest closet.

Worse than any store salesman, however, is the door-to-door agent. He is the most persistent of his kind and his persistence together with my partiality to sad or childish faces is my undoing. At first I refuse quietly to subscribe to the magazine. His face (these agents are usually good actors) becomes sad as he tells of the sorry plight of a young man actually forced to work his way through college by selling subscriptions to magazines. Ah, the ignominy of it! Before he is half through with his sad tale I am won over and he smilingly jots down my name and address after scores of others.

How fervently I wish I could reply in the negative—and mean it. I have no sales-resistance. I always relent, and I admit it. On and on in endless nightmare marches a procession of salespeople tall and short, male and female venders, of quack preparations in bottles, jars and tubes.

I am doomed to the life of an easy mark unless, someday, oh, dream of dreams! I rear up in protest and shout an emphatic "No!" to the request of a saleslady. I might even make a horrible face at the clerk (perhaps stick out my tongue) shrug my shoulders, and walk disdainfully away. It will be a noteworthy achievement, the realization of that dream, but I find a lurking suspicion in the back of my mind that it will never come to pass. The salesman is sure to have an ailing son in need of the extra money from his commission!

Betty Llewellyn '35



ATONEMENT

A star fell
 Streaking across the summer sky
 Into eternal space
 And as we watched we almost thought
 We'd found its empty place,
 Sorry to think how much we'd miss
 Its old, familiar face.

But when we looked again to find
 Where it had been before,
 We missed it not, because we saw
 There were so many more!

And thus we learned:—
 Never to grieve at real or fancied slight
 For little things, that might have made
 A happy day more bright;
 Weeping because some tiny joy
 Was taken from our sight.

For when we look again to find
 Where it had been before
 We'll miss it not, because we'll see
 There are so many more!

Mary O'Boyle '35

FRIENDS

A loyal friend is like a summer flower,
 Beautiful,
 Comforting,
 A source of never-ending joy and happiness.

Friendship is like a vase
 In which roses have been distilled.
 It may be shattered and broken,
 But the scent of the roses will never depart.

Richard Scharmann '36

May, 1934

[15]

A STORY

A story is the word of God, spoken through the lips of man.
 A story is a shaft of light, penetrating some dark place.
 A story is the sound of resonant chimes touched by a master organist.
 A story is a prayer of gratitude for all the benefits which we receive.
 A story is a rainbow of the thoughts of human nature.
 A story is a mirror wherein we see ourselves in the light of print.
 A story is the song of a musician; the words his notes.
 A story is a man's confession, for all concerned to read.
 A story shows someone's soul—yearning for pleasure, crying for mercy, weeping for joy.
 A story consoles the sorrowful, enlightens the curious.
 A story is a child of the quill and the ink.
 A story is the re-echo of the pages of history, with all its joys and sorrows, glories
 and shames, triumphs and defeats.
 A story is the lightning of an author's brain storm, the praise merely resounding
 thunder.
 A story is a poor man's wealth.

Betty Bickford

THE BROOK

I gush forth from a spring in the mountain,
 And down its sides I flow,
 Through a richly scented forest
 I sing 'though the wind does blow.

I dance into a woodland,
 Under the graceful trees,
 And out again to a meadow,
 Where I whisper to the bees.

I skip along by a mill pond,
 Around a shady nook.
 Under a covered bridge where
 I join another brook.

Together we hurry onward,
 A river now are we,
 Never pausing a moment,
 Until we reach the sea.

Elinor Moynihan '36

RAIN

My thoughts are jumbled in my brain,
And all I can think of is the rain.

Sometimes it looks like pieces of silver,
Shining and clinking in the Storm King's pocket.
Sometimes, with the clatter of thunder,
It pounds on the roofs
(As if trying to gain entrance)
Like the fist of the stern god War.
All the while it sounds like moving day in the Heavens.

But I'm fond of the rain,
Sometimes it's happy and gay,
Sometimes it's angry and doleful.
Always it is a companion to my mood.

Barbara Blanchard '36

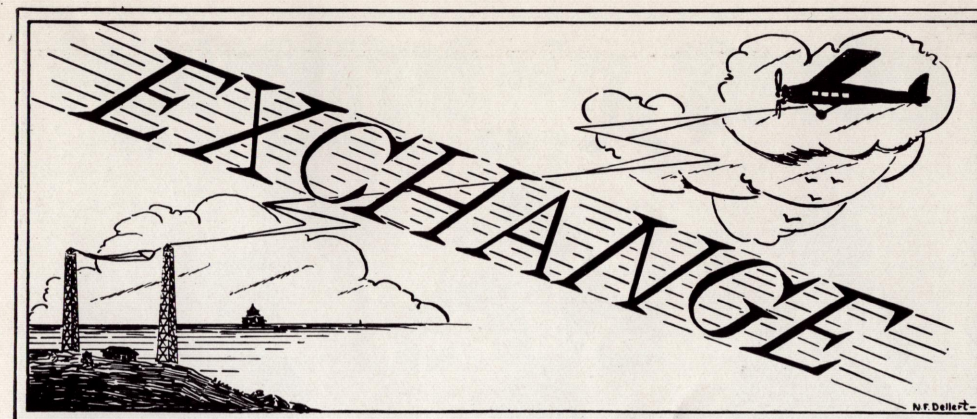
SONG OF THE MARCH WIND

I blow, I blow, I blow
The trees in the forest
The hats off men
And little boy's kites up in the air.

I blow, I blow, I blow
The grass in the meadow
The fair ladies' dresses
And little birds up from the South.

I blow, I blow, I blow
The waves on the ocean,
The sails on ships
And airplanes soaring on high.

James M. Sweeney '36



May 15
From
"THE DIARY OF A CHURCH-
MOUSE"
The illustrations
From "THE OPTIMIST"
From
South Side High School
Newark, New Jersey
Are Oil paintings
And Block prints
And Pen-and-ink sketches
All In black-and-white
And all
Striking pictures
And
We laud
Its joke column
A Sort of
Punning parody
Which we
Perused
P'understand
Question mark
The
"CAMBRIDGE REVIEW"
From
Cambridge High Latin School
(Parenthesis)
The name
Is not mentioned
Editors
(Parenthesis)
Contains
The end of their
Short Story Contest
Our own
Contest announcements
Are due
Shortly

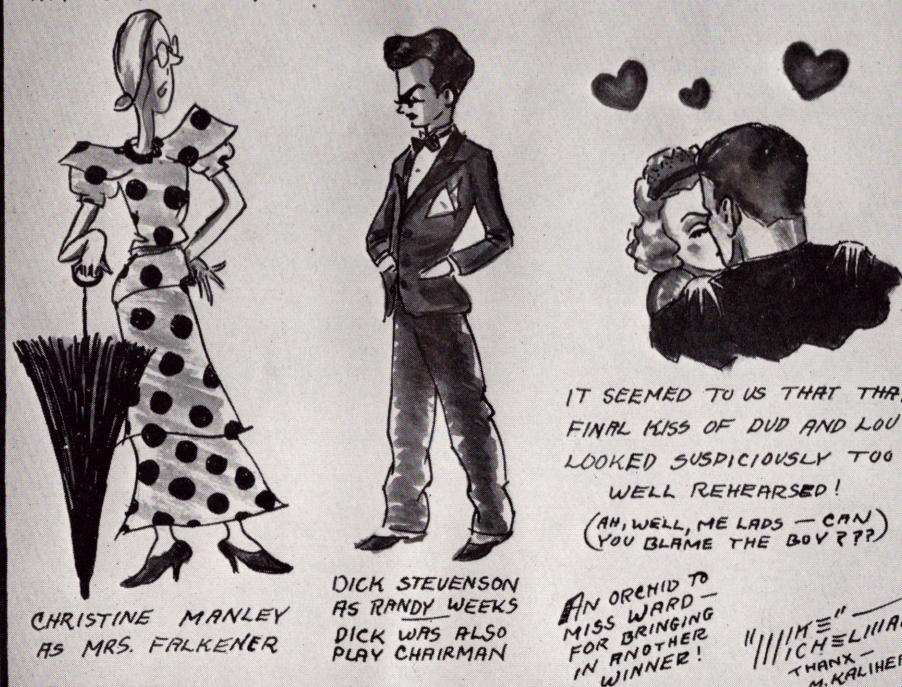
Its
Exchange Editor
Includes
In his column
Excerpts from
Leading exchanges
Always
A good way
Of filling
Space
No Offence
But
We know how
It is
The magazine
Features
Accounts
Of The convention
Of the COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC
PRESS ASSOCIATION
Containing
What-we-like
Written
How-we-like-it
Which all
Reminds us
We have
"THE SCHOOL PRESS REVIEW"
The
Journal
Of the
Scholastic Press
Association
Which is
Very interesting
Mostly because
"THE STUDENT'S PEN"
Is therein
Mentioned

Virginia Bickford, '35

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN - THE SENIOR PLAY



ABOVE, WE FIND, READING IN THE USUAL ORDER, JOAN DECKER, DOING HER MAMMY ACT; DICK CONNORS AS PAUL DANGERFIELD, ALIAS SMITHFIELD; AND SAMUEL RUE, AS CHAS. DANGERFIELD, ALIAS BRINDY, ALIAS BOY.



CHRISTINE MANLEY
AS MRS. FALKNER

DICK STEVENSON
AS RANDY WEEKS
DICK WAS ALSO
PLAY CHAIRMAN

AN ORCHID TO
MISS WARD -
FOR BRINGING
FOR ANOTHER
WINNER!

"THANKS"
MICHELMAN
THANKS
M. KALIER

EXCERPTS FROM A HIGH SCHOOL BOY'S DIARY

(The Night of the Senior Play)

(Friday, May 11)—Just came back from the Senior Play, "Come Out of the Kitchen", which, in my humble opinion, was one of the finest and most entertaining plays we've been treated to in a long time. . . . Dud Head and Lou Robbins were great in the leading roles. . . . Lou's southern accent was devastating, and left us seriously thinking that the wrong side won the Civil War. . . . The folded programs were a welcome change; variety is the spice of life. . . . We thought the stage set, especially in the kitchen scene, was very realistic and complete. . . . Shed a tear for Elmer Lombard, the unsung hero of the play. . . . Not only was this efficient boy Stage Manager, but he was also the knock on the door, the ring on the telephone, the automobile horn, the footsteps outside and the servant's buzzer. . . . Many will remember this night, more as the night on which Gil Whitney had a date than as the night of a Senior Play. . . . This event certainly started the tongues wagging. . . . Congratulations, Gil, but who was she? . . . Joan Decker's southern accent is a natural one; she lives in Florida, during the greater part of the year. . . . Jennie Pasek played her part very, very well—according to George Haylon. . . . The publicity campaign for this play was one of the best. . . . How Feldman could eat that dinner of thin air in the final scene with such gusto and apparent delight is more than we can understand. . . . Who was that crowd who insisted on walking up and down the aisles in search of their reserved seats after the play had started? . . . Christine Manley was the find of the play. . . . Dick Stevenson in a tux somehow reminded us of Premier Dollfuss. . . . Dick Connors' English accent provoked many a laugh. . . . H'Excellent, sir—h'Excellent! . . . Samuel Rue, Sammy to you, was good as the petulant Brindy. . . . We will bet our hat that the leading lady in the next Senior Play will be none other than Miss Ruth Taylor, not only because of Ruth's great ability, but also because of the fact that the last two leading ladies seemed to have formed a dynasty of Tri-Hi presidents. . . . And so to bed. . . .

Irving Michelman '35



The Shadow

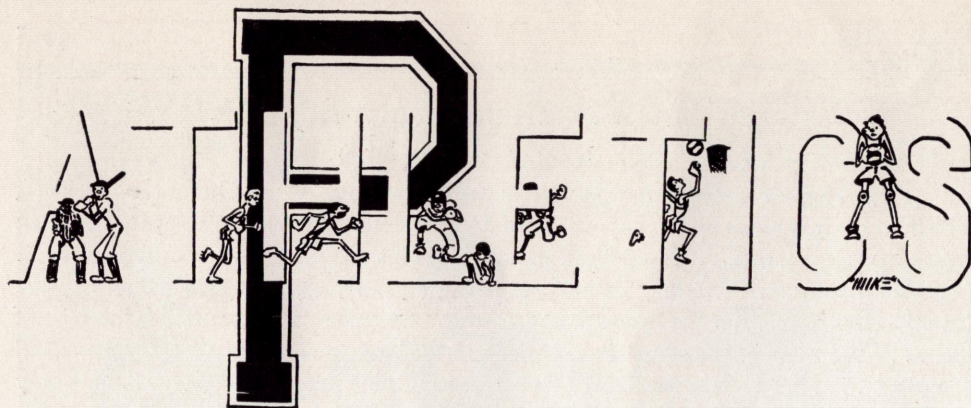


WE were much amused by the antics of our cute little "Dicky-Bird" during the senior play. You know he's the drummer extraordinaire of the P. H. S. orchestra, and in his spare time he escorts a certain young lady to the show places of our most illustrious city. Well, he took the charming young miss to the play and also tried to do his part with the orchestra. May we suggest a pair of roller skates. It is quite a task to be two places at once. Thanks for the advice? Oh, not at all. We're always glad to accommodate the lovelorn.

* * * * *

The heart-rending crash during the change of scenery was only "the sink". In case you are of a curious nature, Tom "Hercules" Russo's muscles which had been holding up the sink during the second act, unexpectedly relaxed.

S. (B. & G.)



SPORT NEWS

Under the apt guidance of the Pittsfield High mentors of sport, the Purple and White's ball team, tennis team, track team and golf team are being trained to meet the opposition of their county rivals. Coach Stewart faced the problem of supplying a battery and filling in an infield around the solitary veteran of last year's nine—"Slip" Barnini. He found Henri Beauchemin and "Marty" Sharkey to look after first base; "Jake" Barnini, second; Williams short and "Slip" Barnini third. His new battery is composed of McCulloch and Trepaszcz.

DRURY DEFEATS PITTSFIELD HIGH IN THE SEVENTH—MAY 11

After being held in check for six innings by the excellent pitching of Bill McCulloch, Drury High took advantage of Pittsfield errors and scored nine runs in a wild seventh inning. McCulloch also starred at bat.

PITTSFIELD HIGH WINS OVER LENOX SCHOOL FOR BOYS—MAY 16

Led by the big bats of Lankin and Williams, Pittsfield banged out a 16 to 3 victory over the Lenox School for boys at Lenox. Denton flashed surprising ability on the mound for Pittsfield High and may be heard of in the future.

PITTSFIELD DEFEATS WILLIAMSTOWN—MAY 18

Pittsfield High proved its mettle by defeating the highly-touted Williamstown ball team 8-3. Williams with two triples was the batting star for the home warriors. McCulloch pitching for Pittsfield, was invincible in the pinches.

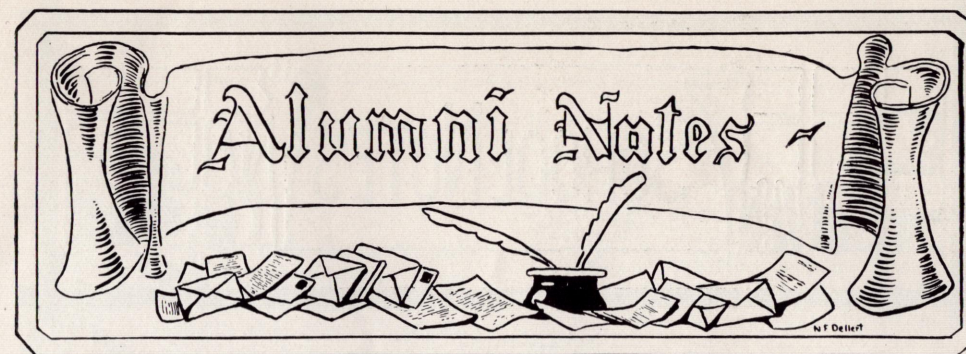
TRACK

Coach Carmody's speedsters lost to Berkshire School for Boys by score of 71½ to 26½ on May 12. However, because of the excellent work of George Hill, who did 19 ft. 11 inches in the running broad jump, and Irving Michelman, who cleared the bar at 5 ft. 9 inches in the high jump, the Pittsfield tracksters hold high hopes of bringing home the Berkshire County Track Championship. Foote and Ferland in the half-mile, Evans in the 440, Captain Ryan and Nils Hagstrom in the mile, are all potential winners.

TENNIS

On May 14 the Pittsfield High racquet wielders swung into action against Williamstown at the Camp Merrill Courts and after a hotly contested struggle, went down to defeat. The members of the team are training hard and hope to avenge the loss in Williamstown at a later date.

The team at this date is made up of the following players who are listed in the order of their rank: Captain Bruce Burnham, James Winters, Harold Feldman, Donald Loveless, Francis Sacchetti and Henri Beauchemin.



SHERMAN ANDREWS, a junior at Tufts College and a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, was a member of the properties committee for "The Lawless", a play written by Professor Morse, head of the dramatics department, and presented by Pen, Paint and Pretzels, the senior honorary dramatic society, recently.

Rebecca Gifford, a member of the sophomore class at Smith College, has been elected to Alpha Phi Kappa, a new society at Smith, formed by the combination of two rival societies with similar interests.

Molly Harowitz, a student at Smith College, was one of the group of undergraduates to spend three days in New York City at The International House in interests of religious study and field work under the leadership of Professor S. Ralph Harlow.

Robert Newman, a senior, Robert Finklestein, a freshman, and Paul Wetstein, a sophomore, all of Dartmouth College, are on the Dean's list for this marking term. This list is comprised of men of distinctive scholastic accomplishment.

Daniel J. Collins, a freshman at Tufts College, was recently initiated into the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. He is a member of the Newman Club.

Alan Shepardson, a sophomore at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, has been awarded second prize in the annual exhibit of the Camera Club. His photograph was entitled "The Dump". Shepardson, an honor student, is president of the club. His fraternity is Phi Gamma Delta.

Vivian Shaw is one of the delegates who accompanied President Moore of Skidmore College to a convention at Hampton Institute recently. The visit is part of a campaign promoting good will toward the Negro, which the institute has been carrying on for the past 50 years.

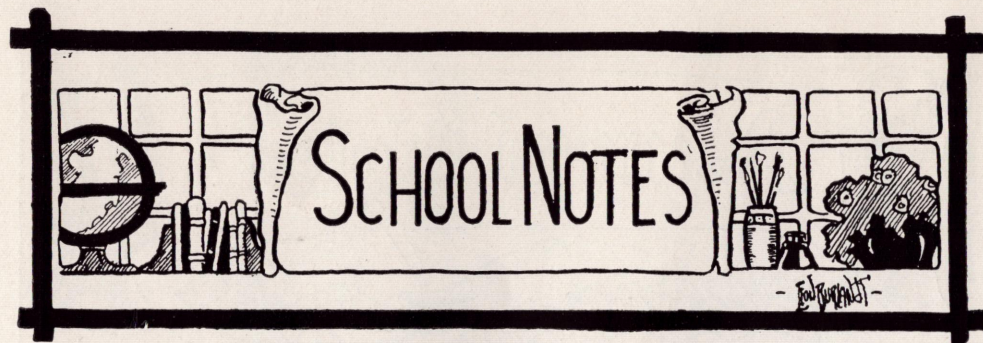
Antony Salvaggio, who was adviser of the Intramural Council, has left for Washington where he plans to enter Georgetown University.

Edwin J. McLaughlin has been selected to deliver an address at class day exercises of B. U. School of Law at which he is a senior. He was president of the Debating Club while at P. H. S.

Thomas F. Curtin, Jr., a sophomore at Yale University, has been awarded the George Augustus Adeed scholarship. The conditions of the award are: "To be awarded in the spring of each year to a member of the sophomore class in Yale College, the Sheffield Scientific School, chosen for his outstanding character, personality, and capacity for leadership and service, as evidenced by excellence in scholarship, athletics, and other undergraduate activities.

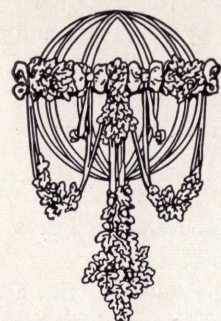
William Francis Henderson, a senior at Harvard University, was awarded the "H" for varsity basketball recently.

Betty Bickford



Charles Kline, Jr., Editor
Peter Barreca, Marguerite Donna, Richard Stevenson

THE JUNIOR PROM



Music . . . novel decorations . . . dancing—that's the Junior Prom, social event of the school year, and traditional dance held by the Junior A class.

WHEN? The date is June 8th, 1934. Dancing will begin at 8.30 p.m. and last until 12 midnight.

WHERE? As usual the place is the high school gymnasium.

WHY? The Junior Prom is the traditional reception held in honor of the graduating class by the Junior A's. It has become the most important social function of the school—the highlight of the school year.

How? The Shire City Orchestra, which played for the last Prom as well as for the recent tea dance, will play. There will be special features and entertainment such as no Prom has ever had before. Members of the faculty, the superintendent of schools, and the principals will be invited. Tickets are fifty cents a person.

WHO? "Bud" Holden has been elected general chairman of all the Prom committees. Assisting him are George Betts, chairman of the house committee; Ruth Shaver, in charge of the refreshment committee; Rosemary Cummings, who heads the reception committee; George Haylon, whose ticket group will be after you soon; "Bud" Prodggers, in charge of the decorations; and Mary Dunn, who heads the ushers. Miss Helene Millet is the class adviser.

RADIO CLUB



Twelve interested students have formed a Radio Club. Its purpose is to teach boys the fundamentals of radio work and to help them get their radio amateurs' licenses. At present club members are practising the code. Next fall they plan to begin building sending and receiving sets. There will probably be a complete amateur radio station in the physics laboratory. It is also hoped to put on an exhibition before the school.

Meetings are held weekly in Room 330. Bernard Murphy, a licensed radio amateur operator, is the president. Mr. Lynch is the club adviser.

CLUB CLOSES



The Debating Club held its final meeting of the season on Wednesday, May 23. Wm. McEachron was elected president for the half year beginning next September; Martin Keegan was chosen vice president; and Richard Burdick secretary.

Letters will shortly be presented to the members of the debating teams as follows: affirmative team, Bruce Burnham, captain; Harold Feldman, Marjorie Cummings, and Martin Keegan, alternate; negative team, Charles Kline, Daniel Secunda, William McEachron, and John Tobey, alternate.

The Debating Club is one of the most active organizations in the school. In addition to turning out teams that have been champions of Berkshire County for three years, the club holds weekly meetings in Room 330 in the fall and winter. Here discussions, debates, and extemporaneous

May, 1934

[23]

speeches are given in preparation for choosing the varsity teams. Mr. Lynch is the club adviser.

TEA DANCE



Over two hundred and forty students danced to the music of the Shire City Orchestra at the first Pittsfield High tea dance, sponsored by the Physical Training Department. The dance came at the end of a series of dancing lessons held in the gymnasium for high school students. The event was so popular that several more are planned for the future. Walter Vincent was general chairman of the dance committees. A number of members of the faculty attended.

NICKELS



Last fall after an assembly to boost it, the nickel collection jumped to sixty dollars a week. All three organized classes voted to support it to the best of their ability until their graduation. But in spite of these promises and the threats, pleas, and editorials of student and faculty leaders, the nickel collection continued to drop. It now runs about twenty-five dollars a week. If everyone in the school paid regularly, the collection would receive over eighty dollars a week. If all those upper classmen remaining in the school were to keep their promise, the collection would be doubled. Clearly next fall something must be done about the present system.

BAND BLARES



The band has accepted an invitation to play in the annual Memorial Day parade. Twenty-six members will be present. George Broderick, well known tap dancer, will act as drum-major. The band also played in last year's parade.

Twelve members of the band will soon receive letters from the school in appreciation of their work. Mr. Smith, music supervisor, will have the final decision as to who shall receive them. This decision will be based primarily upon attendance, length of service, and attitude at rehearsals and performances.

CONCERT



The second in a series of Senior A concerts will be presented in the auditorium on June 1st. The well known artists of the Kingman-Bullock Trio will perform. These musical programs are a gift to the students of P. H. S. from the Senior A Class who by its initiative has been able to procure some of the city's best known artists for their concerts. It speaks well of the fine spirit of those artists who have consented to perform in the interest of advancing true understanding of music in our school. The Senior A Class appreciates their efforts.

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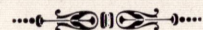


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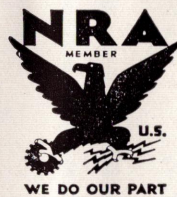
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May, 1934